Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest:
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.
Cupid is a knauish laddie,
Thus to make poore females madde.

Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dewe, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shewen,
Iacke shall haue *Iill*: nought shall goe ill:
The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.

Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*

Tita. Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome*?

Pea. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's Mounsieur *Cobweb*? *Cob.* Ready,

Clo.

Clo. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Moun
weapons in your hand, and kill me a re
on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mo
the hony bagge. Doe not fret your self
action, Mounsieur: and good Mounsi
honybagge breake not, I wold be loath
flowen with a honibag *signior*. Where
tardseede?

Must. Readie.

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur
you, leaue your curtsie, good Mounsieu

Must. what's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but
Cobwebbe, to scratch. I must to the Ba
For me thinkes I am marualles hairy a
am such a tender Asse, if my haire do
must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some mu
loue?

Clo. I haue a reasonable good eare
haue the tongs, and the bones.

Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what tho

Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I c
good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I haue a g
tle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath

Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that sha
And fetch thee newe nuts.

Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or t
But, I pray you let none of your people
exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde
Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Ho
Gently entwist: the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29